

THE ADVENTURES OF JOSHER BLUFFEM

Pinched---But Escapes.

I was standing on the corner debating seriously in my alleged mind whether I should develop the remaining fifteen cents to the support of George Lycurgus or spend it in the purchase of a red undergarment for the heathen who dwell in distant lands, and being unable to arrive at a decision, I drew out the five-cent piece and flipped it. "Heads, I cut," I said, "tails, I preserve an empty stomach and require a high sense of virtue."

I caught the coin with my usual deftness. Alas, it was tails! I sighed hungrily, and as I did so a heavy voice fell upon my shivering ear and a still heavier hand on my shoulder.

"You're pinched," boomed the terrible voice in my defenseless ear, and the weighty hand yanked me off my feet.

"What for?" I gasped, struggling to retain my equilibrium and my presence of mind.

"For gambling in a public place," growled the voice. "Why didn't you go to a hotel?"

"Because I had only fifteen cents," I replied sharply. "Penny ante is my limit; and besides, I'm only an amateur."

"You're not the only amateur," grunted the voice. "There have been others gone broke there for more than fifteen cents."

"Then why don't you pinch the joint?" I wanted to know. "Instead of bothering me?"

"What's that to you?" he asked, flashing a sheriff's star on me. "It wouldn't do any good if I did; I couldn't get a conviction. The city attorney's office might refuse to prosecute, and even if they did prosecute, Charlie Chillingworth might appear for the defense."

"Where is his office?" I asked hopefully, remembering the painful fact that I was under arrest.

"It wouldn't do you any good if you knew," replied the sheriff exultantly. "You've got only fifteen cents!"—he had just searched my pockets and spoke with knowledge. "I guess we'll convict you all right and you'll get about six months."

My face fell and my spirits sank and the sheriff turned to the police box and called up the Black Maria. It arrived on the run and the sheriff with exquisite politeness invited me to take a seat beside him.

A short ride brought us to the police station and the sheriff led me into his private office and, after first handcuffing me and chaining my feet to the wall to prevent my imitating Anderson Grace, borrowed a cigar of me and leaned back in his chair.

"Your case will come up in the morning," he said. "You'd better plead guilty. You are broke and can't hire a lawyer."

"The court will appoint one to defend me," I rejoined.

"No, he won't," said the sheriff. "He'll appoint Empty Harrison or Clem Quinn."

I sighed dejectedly. "Guess I'd better plead guilty, then," I wailed.

"Yes," said the sheriff. "And next time, don't pike. Wait until you have enough to sit in a decent game and then you may be able to lose more."

I lost all hope and faintly.

When I came to, I saw the sheriff in earnest converse with a belligerent woman and a badly scared man. I rightly concluded that they must be husband and wife. From what I heard of the tale of woe told by the woman, I learned the hubby had come home brave with Dutch courage and had proceeded with the aid of a club to inculcate in his spouse the virtue of wifely obedience. Wife had had hubby pinched and now they were telling their troubles to the police.

"Are you a voter in this district?" asked the sheriff.

"Sure, kela," replied the badly scared husband. "I voted for you three times at the last election."

"Hum-m-m-m," mused the sheriff. Then he smiled. "Madame, don't you think you and your husband would better kiss and make up?"

"Kiss nothing," she snapped. "Just you wait until I get him home again. Bill Jarrett, and then you'll see how I'll kiss him."

The wretched husband shrank terrified into a corner and looked appealingly at the sheriff.

Jarrett still continued to smile. In fact, he had not ceased to smile since I first saw him.

"Now, look here," he said, and, dragging the affrighted husband out of his corner, he whispered earnestly but smilingly in the ears of the man and woman. Pretty soon they, too, began to smile.

It all ended in husband and wife weeping gladly over the powerful paw of the sheriff and going off arm in arm, after having first followed his advice to kiss and make up.

"That was easy," said Jarrett. "And it clinched the man's vote next election, too, which is worth while. I may need it."

"What are you going to do with me?" I asked anxiously.

The sheriff sat and looked at me thoughtfully for a while.

"I really don't know," he said. "It is hardly worth while to place a charge against you, for if I do, the city attorney will change it or refuse to prosecute. I might about as well let you go. Who are you anyway?"

"Josher Bluffem," I replied faintly.

"What?" he fairly yelled. "Wela ka hao."

I didn't know what that meant, but it sounded ominous and my hopes fell again.

"I guess we can cinch you, after all," gloated the sheriff. "Or if we can't, I can turn you over to Haha Hendry and he'll fix you. He'll have Rowlin prosecute you for daring to breathe without special permission from Breakers."

"If that's all that's going to happen," I replied, "go as far as you like. I'm not worried."

"Hum-m-m-m," said the sheriff. "I don't know but you're right. Guess I might as well turn you loose now. Anyway, McDuffie wouldn't like it if he might I had arrested anybody myself instead of giving him a chance."

The sheriff unlocked the handcuffs and other manacles. "Here, have a cigar," he said hospitably. "Have a seat. Have a little money out of the safe. Have anything you want. What do you think of my political prospects?"

The sheriff still continued to smile like a Cheshire cat.

"Politics," I said indignantly. "Is not in my line. I am quite respectable."

The sheriff hastened to apologize and handed me another cigar that must have cost as much as two cents.

"If you'll interview me and write a story about me," he said, "I'll let you go."

"Needs must when the devil drives," I growled. "Tell me about yourself. What have you ever done?"

"Done?" he exclaimed indignantly. "I was the Waimanalo war—and I did it without bloodshed, too. Fact is, we couldn't shed any blood, unless we did our best, for my men carefully neglected to take with them an ammunition train, and as a result they found themselves without cartridges when we fired the volley."

"What and you do?" I inquired in intense interest.

"Oh, I accomplished them and Chester Doyle told them by the books while Jimmie Williams took their pictures. They fixed them proper."

"Did you get a Carnegie medal for it?" I wanted to know.

"No, I got not much more blither and a bad cold," Chester Doyle got the medal. At least, he had it when I saw him last. You might ask Carlo, though, if you want to be sure."

Deputy Sheriff Charlie Rose came rushing in in apparent excitement.

"Callie," says you and McDuffie are to come up to his office at once," he gasped breathlessly. "He says he's going to put you on the carpet and he calls you down for daring to arrest Josher Bluffem without his permission. Neither says you've got no business to do anything without his permission. Neither has the grand jury. Callie's mad. So is Brown and Milverton is annoyed."

The sheriff consulted profoundly for a moment.

"Say," he growled to Rose, "you telephone Harry Lake to tell Cathcart to tell McDuffie that McDuffie's language isn't improving any, and that neither Mark nor myself has time to bother with carpets. I have an important engagement in ten minutes at the diamond mine to meet a few voters from the fifth district and I can't afford to waste time on rides. And that reminds me,"—he looked at me severely—"get out of here, Bluffem, and don't come back until you're pinched again. If you do, I'll never let you be arrested any more."

That was about the time I left. And the worst of it is that I forgot to get my fifteen cents back.



"DIED IN LIBBY PRISON, IN QUARREL THAT WASN'T HIS'N"

Interesting Photograph
Recalling the Part
Hawaiians Played in
the Civil War.



HENRY PITTMAN.
A Hawaiian soldier, who died in a rebel prison.

While there were not many Hawaiians in the armed forces of the United States government during the Civil War from 1861 to 1865, some attained distinction. While not a native, General S. L. Armstrong went from Hawaii and became a general. Another who went from Honolulu was Henry Pittman, a Hawaiian, brother of Mary Pittman Aikua, a well known family here.

He was captured by the Confederate forces and was sent to a southern prison. Just which prison he was confined in is not clear to his family today, although an oldtime picture taken of him on Washington street, Boston, has upon the back a note as follows: "Henry Pittman, died in Libby Prison."

If he was incarcerated in Libby he must have been a commissioned officer, but others who knew the family in the old days remember that he was confined in a place he called the "Pen," which undoubtedly refers to the Andersonville Stockade, where thousands of Union soldiers were starved to death while under guard. In one of his letters Henry Pittman tells of

the filthy meat thrown to them as if they were dogs. Another Hawaiian who knew the family decades ago states that Pittman died after he was exchanged, his death being due to illness contracted in prison.

He was a brother of Mary Aikua, and also of Benjamin Pittman of Boston, son of Benjamin Pittman and the Chiefess Kinohoe Pittman.

LORD POULETT IS IN THE CITY

(Continued from Page One.)

meet on the street, was the challenge of one officer to young Poulett. "Done," shouted Lieutenant Poulett. The wager money looked good to him just then, and the officers struck palms to clinch the bargain. It was late at night when Poulett went out into the night, his brain a little heated by wine. Fate planned that he should win the wager, for he met Elizabeth Levinia Newman, daughter of a pilot, coming down the street. The lieutenant halted her and asked her to marry him. She agreed, and that day, which was June 21, 1849, just sixty-one years ago this week, they were married.

Then the episode which caused the whole nobility of Britain to take interest, occurred. Six months after their marriage the wife gave birth to a son, the one who eventually became the organ-grinding viscount and claimant to the earldom of Poulett. The lieutenant, in a rage, denied the child as his, left his wife, exchanged into another regiment and went away to India. In 1864 he came back to England, with martial glory, and by the death of his cousin, the fifth earl, he succeeded to the peerage. But there was the pilot's daughter and her son, and there was the English law which legitimizes children born subsequently to a marriage, and, unfortunately, in this case at least, the law does not say how long subsequent to the marriage the birth may take place.

Pilot's Daughter Makes Claim.

The pilot's daughter felt that her son should succeed to the peerage. She taught the son that he was Viscount Hinton and that his father was the Earl of Poulett and that he, too, would some day be Earl of Poulett. The mother died in 1870. The son had been educated at the expense of Poulett. When the son became of age he claimed the title of Viscount of Hinton, which is derived from an estate of 20,000 acres from Hinton St. George, which has been in the family since the fifteenth century. The earl denied the claim, and the Viscount became a professional clown and pantomimist, and made one Lady Sheppa, a ballet dancer. Viscountess Hinton, falling upon the stage he took to organ grinding because it brought in an income, though a modest one.

But, principally, he kept his organ to annoy the earl, and it did annoy him. To the day of his death Earl Poulett went to London as seldom as possible, for he knew that when he visited the big city the organ would appear under his window, placarded, "I am Viscount Hinton, etc." It was a very good organ. Eugene Field, describing it, said it had five cylinders, played fifty tunes and "must have cost a small fortune."

Old Earl Spent Fortune.

It is said that a long time ago law yere advised the earl that the Viscount's claim was good and he proceeded to blow in the estate, which was then worth about \$2,000,000, while an aunt had left him an additional million. He spent much on model farms, and race horses which he mourned when they won. He built yachts and carried along an orchestra. But he had much money left.

After the death of the pilot's daughter he married again. He second wife died and he married a third time. The latter bore him three children, the eldest being the present earl now in Honolulu. Proceedings were begun after the seventh earl took possession of Hinton House.

When the son of the pilot's daughter came of age he was sent to Hinton House by his mother to interview the earl, but did not see him. A year later he had the first and last interview with Lord Poulett, when the latter advised him to go to the continent and drop his title, as it was expensive to keep up. He agreed to do so on being provided with money.

Present Earl Is Earl.

There was great excitement in England when Lord Poulett died and it was expected the organ-grinder would attempt, in person, to get possession of Hinton House. The present earl had the place surrounded by guards, but the organ grinder made no attempt to enter.

The matter has now been definitely decided, and the lieutenant, son of the fifth wife of the late earl, has been declared to hold the title and estates as the rightful heir.

CATHCART IS HIS OWN DEFENSE

(Continued from Page One.)

No Police Friction.

Cathcart denies any friction between his department and the police department and refers to a case in the circuit court where he went to justifiable lengths to preserve the integrity of McDuffie's evidence, the case referred to is the famous "peep hole" case where Attorney Lightfoot accused McDuffie of perjury and in which the finding of the court sustained the officer.

Closing Cathcart Says:

"The statement that there has been friction between my department and the sheriff's office is absolutely untrue. We have worked harmoniously, and the feeling between myself and the officers of the police department has been very friendly. The sheriff himself, his deputies and his officers will, without exception I believe, say that my support of them has been constant and unqualified. Even McDuffie knows that in a late case in the circuit court I went to every justifiable length in order to protect the integrity of his evidence. My relations with the police department are still of the best; but, as McDuffie went out of his way to injure me, I must consider him as an open enemy instead of the secret enemy I am now informed he has always been."

McDuffie Is Ready.

When seen last night Chief McDuffie stated that he was certainly sorry that he had incurred the open enmity of Mr. Cathcart. He added that he didn't know exactly how Cathcart was going to fight him or why but that he was willing to accept any challenges that might be sent down.

"I don't know why Mr. Cathcart declared me a secret enemy of his or where I got his information. I can see no reason why I should desire to be an enemy of his. I have not consulted him more than five times since I have been in office and he has had no dealings with me to any extent. I make arrests wherever I believe the law to have been violated and it is up to his department to prosecute them. Some time ago I arrested a woman of ill repute for soliciting, she having done so directly to me, but the woman was nevertheless given a suspended sentence the next morning in police court, on motion of the prosecution. He might have considered me an enemy for some such reason as this."

"I did not make the statement accredited to me to the effect that I told Mr. Milverton to shut up. I did say, after he said I did not know anything about law, 'You ought to study law yourself.' Then I walked out."

Others Interested.

Yesterday several members of the territorial grand jury called on McDuffie, asking to know all the details of the matter. The chief showed them the letters Lane wrote to the girl, exhibited the doctor's report and laid before them the evidence that he had required. They were all very much shocked and it is certain that the grand jury will take the case up.

Several friends of both McDuffie and Jarrett stopped them on the street and were inclined to criticize them for the manner in which McDuffie had taken the matter up. All of them admitted, however, that they did not know the details of the case which are such that they are lagged from publication, and these also upon hearing the facts, upbraid the officers.

ST. LOUIS ALUMNI HAVE MERRY UNION

(Continued from Page One.)

They were a valuable institution because it supplied the community with good instruction for the young people. He stated also that he believed the college in Hawaii would prove to be a better school of engineering and other branches of science than many universities in the mainland. Earl Berditt closed the same sentiment. Ben Zehn, George McGarrigley, Henry A. Wain, John Roala, Elmer Foxworth, W. H. Wain, Brother Henry, Brother Frank, Welch, Brother Henry, Brother George, Cassar, Bertram, Charles, Oskarine, John Coon, Sheriff W. P. Jarrett, Deputy Sheriff Charles Rose, Patrick Gleason, James Williams and Carlos Long were among the other speakers.

Music was furnished by the Brothers' Orchestra, the Brothers' Chorus, a quartet and Henry Clark, vocal soloist.

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OAHU RAILWAY TIME TABLE. KOOLAU RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Outward.		DAILY, EXCEPT SATURDAY, SUNDAY AND HOLIDAYS	
For Waianae, Waiatua, Kahuku and Way Stations—9:15 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m.	For Pearl City, Ewa Mill and Way Stations—7:30 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.	Leave Kahuku for Punaluu, Hauula, Laie, Kahuku and Way Stations at.....12:00 M.	Arrive Kahuku at.....1:00 P.M.
For Wahiawa and Leilehua—10:20 a. m., 5:15 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.		Leave Kahuku for Laie, Hauula, Punaluu, Kahana and Way Stations at.....1:45 P.M.	Arrive Kahana at.....2:45 P.M.
Inward.		SATURDAY, SUNDAY AND HOLIDAYS	
Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Waiatua and Waianae—8:36 a. m., 5:31 p. m.	Arrive Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—7:45 a. m., 8:36 a. m., 11:02 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:26 p. m., 5:31 p. m., 7:30 p. m.	Arrive Kahuku at.....11:58 A.M.	Leave Kahana for Punaluu, Hauula, Laie, Kahuku and Way Stations at.....11:00 A.M.
Arrive Honolulu from Wahiawa and Leilehua—9:15 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 5:31 p. m., 11:10 p. m.		Leave Kahuku for Laie, Hauula, Punaluu, Kahana and Way Stations at.....12:35 P.M.	Way Stations at.....3:00 P.M.
The Haleiwa Limited, a two-hour train (only first-class tickets honored), leaves Honolulu every Sunday at 8:36 a. m., returning, arrives in Honolulu at 10:10 p. m. The Limited stops only at Pearl City and Waianae outward, and Waianae, Waipahu and Pearl City inward.			
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